

' Where'er you live, your lovely case
 ' Proclaims you fav'rite of the place:
 ' Those offals, you refuse, would be
 ' A banquet to half-famish'd me:
 ' Permit me, Sir, on you to wait,
 ' I'll humbly stop without the gate,
 ' Whilst dogs, to me superior far,
 ' Your mess-mates, or your umbra's are.
Rover approv'd the smooth address,
 And, courteous, pity'd his poor case.
 —Come, Mr. Trudge, is n't that your name?
 —' Plain Trudge, Sir, titles give me shame.'
 —Our Turnspit's dead with age and fat,
 (Thought Trudge, a lucky omen that)
The dripping pan's your stated fees,
If you're so fortunate to please.
Besides there's many a sav'ry bit
That comes by way of perquisite.
 ' What I sub-cook! I smell roast beef!
 ' Sure you were born for my relief.'
You shall, my friend— Your vassal I,
 • For friend too mean; yours, till I die.'
 —I'll introduce you to the kitchen;
 Soon as the cook-maid brings the spit in,

See,

See you obsequiously advance,
Wriggle and fawn, and round her dance;
Let not her arms your burden feel,
But nimbly spring into the wheel.

O'erjoy'd, Trudge follow'd, had admittance,
 And for his hunger found small pittance.
 Of *Rover* having learn'd the cue,
 Strait to the larder-door he drew,
 Where *Joan* was spitting of her veal,
 He fawn'd, he frisk'd, he wag'd his tail;
 Yelp'd at the sight of spit, as pleasant
 As *Rover*, when h'as perch'd a *Pheasant*.
 Useful, though ugly, much he took
 With all the house, as well as cook.
 Happy beyond his hopes he liv'd;
 No knave in office faster thriv'd:
 And, too well fed, so nice was grown,
 He'd scarce accept a proffer'd bone.
 Grown lazy now with food and ease,
 Slighted his post; but watch'd his fees.

Rover, a patron's freedom took,
 The rustic upstart to rebuke.
 —Mean souls, I see, rais'd from distress,
 Grow proud and wanton by success.

Was